



The Cold Shoulder.

It is related—GRIP knoweth not how fictitiously—that the genial, jolly Mr. JOHN BOYD, of St. John,—a gentleman who, like YORICK, used to be a fellow of infinite humor—has actually grown sour on the N. P., and its knightly sponsor, Sir SAMUEL LEONARD TILLEY. It is well known that Mr. B. elected Sir SAMUEL to parliament for the express purpose of introducing a tariff that would make business in St. John lively; and it would now appear that Sir SAMUEL has failed to do so. Hence the acidity. In former times it used to be Mr. BOYD's delight to welcome his political friend when he arrived in the city, and to escort him to the depot when he left, but now Sir SAM has to endure the cold shoulder in town and carry his "extra luggage" to the station himself. J. B.'s customary smile will not return to his countenance, they say, until certain items in the tariff are thoroughly re-organized.



THE DESERTION.

There was a young man named CHAUVREAU Who threw up his port-folio, In haste and in folly Deserting M. JOLY, Who said, "He's a fraud—let him go!"



THE RETURN.

But he found he was on the wrong tack, And so he soon came sneaking back, When JOLY all joy, Said, "Welcome, dear boy, We're glad you've returned, that's a fact!"



Mr. Costigan at the Dure.

MISTHER GRIP:

'I sind yez the above fortygraft av me countryman an' co-religionist, Misther COSTIGAN, in the act av axin admission into the Cabinet at Ottaway, and wud like yez to do fwhat yez can to get the dure open for him. It is the intention av Sir JOHN, I belave, to elevate Mr. O'CONNOR to the Blinch, an' in that case they will be in nade av a good Irish gentleman to fill his shoes in the Government. Misther COSTIGAN is the man for the situation, an' I hope he may get it. I can give him a good recommendation for bein' a life citizen an' as oliver as the next wan. Bein' a Roman Catholic, too, shud be an argymint in his favor, seein' that the Methodists an' the Presbyterians an' the Church av England has all mia to reprisent thim in the Government, an' there is no rayson fwhy the Thruue Church wuddn't be there too. Put this picture in the pages av GRIP, for the glory av Ould Ireland an' the good av Con-sarvationism.

Yours thruly,
TERRY TIERNEY.



A Frank Confession.

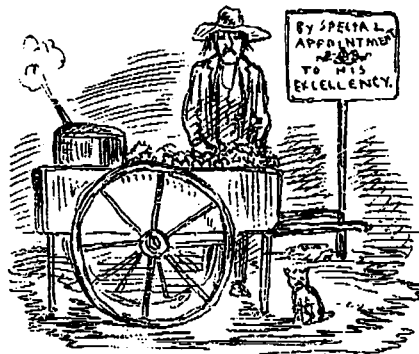
Isn't this a little hard on the "National Currency" movement? A fellow, writing strongly in favour of the Rag Baby in one of the Belleville papers, signs his article "Legion, for we are many." Mr. GRIP has for some time entertained the opinion that the Canadian advocates of soft money were misguided persons, and other people have

gone so far as to call them silly, but it has been left for one of themselves to confess that they are absolutely Satanic in their designs. Isn't it high time for the Government to interfere and save the country from the clutches of the evil ones?



Syr Richarde.

Ye brave Knighte Syr RICHARDE CARTWRIGHT is on ye rampage againe. He has stayed in his strong fortresse for about a yeare, watchinge with sharpe eye ye workinge of ye N. P., and having come to ye conclusion yt ye N. P. is a great fraude, Syr RICHARDE hath determined to run a tilt against it presently. In other wordes, he is about to address his constituents on ye affairs of ye country in a few days.



By Special Appointment.

Now, please don't laugh at Signor PEANUTTI, and call him a toady. Hasn't he as much right to announce himself "Peanut and Taffy Vendor to His Excellency," although he never actually supplies the vice-regal pocket with his wares, as other business people have to announce themselves dyers and milliners to Royalty, though royalty will probably never enter their shops? Signor PEANUTTI has the satisfaction of knowing that as His Excellency's carriage was passing the corner, His Excellency was graciously pleased to smile upon the Signor's stock-in-trade, and at the same moment bow and lift his hat. It may be that this was done in acknowledgment of the cheers of the crowd, but Signor PEANUTTI sees fit to consider it the Royal appointment to the honourable position he now claims. And who shall say it wasn't?